

EXQUISITE CRYPT



2

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CHAPTER I

o luscious misanthropy
o peanuts of desire o
catechism of pristine negotiation
that penetrates the force field of Loki's rapin linen closet,
yes, the milk and honey told me.
The Maggot nest of urethra's empire
mandate of extinction-claptrap
sickle easychair hyphen laughing and or in on
the last braid of
General Standard Size #2's epaulets
All this while cartoon Loki turds advanced
threateningly, convincingly, soup in ear
wig on the lateral whist
hilariously, ashamedly, custard in hair
lip on the digital BINGO
fell onto the tacks. A fate
certain feet rarely deserve or request
unless otherwise notified by Freeling's drab reservists.

Do not believe this.

cheeky preservation chancres my elegant spleen
Do not ignore the following:

1st Attendant: "Are we swimming?"

2nd Attendant: "Are we swimming?"

1st Attendant & 2nd Attendant: "Are we

drowning in marmalade?

Or merely clogged with butter?"

2nd Attendant to 1st Attendant: "Neither one. We
have yet to find Glorfindel's bastard Homunculus;
the ritual begins w/ his public execution.

Loki to 1st & 2nd Attendants: "Ha-ha. It's
time to lick the honey from my eyes
like wings caught in the gearshaft of the night
that nuzzles you." Loki to his previous Sentence:

"If I'd known then what I know now
you'd never have been conceived,

I shall now abstain from allowing my tongue to rape
the tangled nerves of your skull-core
wrangling over the fruit of your dictionary
then " and

the s went like this-s-s-s-s-s,
out of the 3rd Attendant's stigmata,

helping itself to another
pack of crisps. "I strap my heart to my cuff
and my skin digests a void.
Also you seem very nice."
Meanwhile, under the Chinese table
a plot was fucking a strategy,
using goats urine to lube its

goiter?" "Or some cheap
derivative?" The sun slipped a tooth
under your pillow
or under your wish
or under your wrist-pump,
the one contagion worth fighting for.
(allow me to interject: "MOOOOO!")
Besides which the cowls
worn by Loki's soup-coolant workers,
were sewn with gilders thread.
You wouldn't imagine the bread
would hold so much blood!"
or so much chalk to grind
or so many obscene compartments and drawers
that screamed at them to, "Get Out!", "Get Out!"
or else Loki would continue his fruitless search
for his belly button, the attendants shouting
settled like petals on metal or
(Allow me to interject: CHIN-UP!")
else upon
the eyes that seized the abbey in his hand.
The ivy-handed dander brigade knows this
all to well,
all to hell,

pell mell,
do tell
us of gorgons on church spires
and aching s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s,
the ones that she peeled off
like the valentines of leprosy
the chokes in the throat of Loki
dress themselves like beggars
lepers, kangaroos, whores, moors,
cowls, coopers, or soup spitting mountaineers.
The conscripts refused, explaining

every principle of physics beginning with the letter ‘P’
and dipping their fingers in puddles of honey
which shone like
the door-to-door bunker salesman’s nametag.
Loki traded a dog-tail tied to a femur for one,
Which took him 32 days to build.

(Please imagine a paragraph here
like a loaf of bread)

o licorice of infamy o
s island on cisfinity’s s.
Onto another clumsy gaS,
So, he’s last on our list-S,
Tho first in our heart-S,

chewing on chin-S
pluralized like a splitting hiccup
the kind that PTSD sufferers refer to as
Throat Insurgents.
Echoes, having no landing gears,
float relentlessly
like the hobby-horses of regret
bearing cantaloupes upon
soup-coolant containers.
Overflowing the “Authorized Personnel Only”
room with
its guts spilled out.

CHAPTER II

o chutney of esophagi, o
s chimneys in portcullis's
Other than RPG’s I’ll gO
South to get SaberS
and teeth.
(Allow me to interject: WHOOSH!)
furthermore:
“I CANNOT, I SHALL NOT. MY BUTTER IS TOO WARM
FOR IT. A BALANCING IS UNANNOUNCED,
UNBIDDEN AND
UNCLEAN. FUCK ME, IS THAT A SHOE?”
Fuck me? Is that a shoe.
Boy-i-i-i-i-i-i-ing links of ballast

to his underwater, fox-furred,
ribbon-skinned jackalope of the high-hats
Loki demands a diamond in his nostril
slipping like a carrot in a
PINT OF A PINT OF A PINT OF A GOLDFISH
HURLING VARIETY A NUTJOB VARIETY LOKI
SWISH
SWIVEL UNDERNEATH
but not under knee.
Joints spilled their rights onto the parapet floor
where enough of us
drowned to float a gasket near the flame
and reached the limit of our breakers
We are skewered or are
OR ARE
OR ARSE
OR ARSES
who spill their rights, regularly, out the crows nest
sky light. With extreme prejudice.
The 1st Attendant's bowels were in complete
agitation. The stuff was everywhere.
There were crickets in her intestine
and woodchips
BUT UNDER FRONTY BEAKY'S FRONT
(ALLOW ME TO INTERJECT: GLASSWARE!)
A BUTTOCKS ALLOWS IT.
An old lady splinters into copper shards.
A buttocks declines
their invitation to boil Scandinavian elbows.

CHAPTER 3

o nexus of pistachios
o Cumberbund of Loki
O BAG OF BAG OF LOKI (OF BAGS)
FORGIVE MY LOAF OF BREAD
WHY DON'T YOU CLAMBER UP THAT SOFT
SPIRE?
All entrances bemoan their diet of curiosity
and find it

regrettably sequential, buoyant, clandestine
and hidden in a stack of window panes
the parrot is on a leash
it is-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-studebaker
“JUBB BLATTER THRUBB MATTER.
IT EXISTS ONLY IN YOUR HAND.”
“OH...”
“I didn’t realize you had been turned into a newt”

CHAPTER 4

o crabcake of Andromeda, o
Son of cradles less aardvarks-S
Other than the revolting Cardinal O
S-alleyways cranked under roots
SHOOTING MOSSY CRANKS FOR BILLIOUS
CLIPPINGS

A CAR.
ANOTHER CAR.

CHAPTER 5

o lettuce of Gnosticism, o Crepes of chess
I gulped down the bell-jar
MY BELLY BREWED A “BARR BARR” BELCHING
S-OCRATE-S (SS) ENJOYED IT.
HE MADE A POT OF TEA.
Now that he’s out of tea
he goes to the custard brine exclamation
playground, you can see how
we mistook you for a cactus
(allow me to interject: ?!?!?!CHEEK?!?!?!?)
You can see how
MY NOSTIRLS BEND LIKE OLD CLAMS.
YOU CAN SEE HOW
“ CAN’T ” HOW
““long”” can the 2nd Attendant
maintain his galactic erection asked

Lieutenant Dry Heaving CumWad.
(Retired).

CHAPTER 6

“No I didn’t!” retorted the ash-can
“YES YOU DID.”

“DIDN’T”

“DID”

“NOT”

“P3T”

“A9E”

- unless, of course, you mean to brag -
over upon glass crutches glancing
over their hips towards rays of light
trip pink-lipped voles in Pan’s pajamas
beneath the sultry gaze of one massive nose
I’m very angry with this tree at the moment.
The fork is still in my eye
It has swallowed Loki whole-
sale NOW ONLY £4.99 or a shovel in trade
Withering the lengthening slight slings
with enough O’s to bracket prudence
his ass vanished into the future
(THE PAST WAS PISSED OFF)
LOKI CRISPED HIS JUICE
AND JUICED HIS CRISP.
Then as his anguish clanged forth
Like a cellophane duck,
He cringed beneath the ghastly show of whippets’
tongues
each tongue a little bit barbed, inflicting tiny tracks upon
saliva soaked epidermis.

Several smaller whippets were overcome with
glee for the mans suffering.

CHAPTER 7 or so

o cheerio of Lycanthropy
o beefsteak of Partition-s-s-s-s
giblets of Justification
rub me with goosefat and porridge
snip my unruly teeth with a bandsaw.
A lid has no recourse to lounge
In the travesty's glimmering occiput!
 Bone-saw his attendant nerve endings
 perkily and without remorse:
 "No Planning permission this time,
 Oblong-
 it's only a cardboard shed."
"PERHAPS TO YOU!" YELPED THE 19TH
ATTENDANT
WHO CHIMED
AND MIMED HIS WAY THROUGH A SHIRT.
(Allow me to interject: VIMVOMVIMOMVIM!)
Afterward, there was a turquoise fandango
where Loki was swallowed by
 the undulating flaps of a disused flange
 he steeled himself for corduroy
 and asked himself:
"MUST I?"
AND LO, SHIPS FELL ABOUT LOKI LIKE FOUR
TWIGS

CHAPTER BROWN.

(it is different from Chapter 8, and is quite short)

CHAPTER 8

o Marigold of Chesterfield, o Breadbox of Contagion
s Loki on chinups (I can do five), s Blade in Liver!
where s is the laurel of i
s kills the k who preceded the later
k, who was at home in bed at the time

but watched as Loki crumbled sown the shaft
 And barked until his meat-flaps trembled
 SOMEBODY SOMEWHERE DIED, BRIEFLY.
 THE FOURTH ATTENDANT SNEEZED.
 "O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O PARLIAMENT."
 "e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e PLATYPUS."
 (Allow me to Interject: PLATYPUSPLATYPUSPLAT!)
 Also a prawn on a leash
 took to sniffing his own barnacles,
 they whispered "Burn it, Burn it all to
 the fucking ground." The windows laughed.
 Nobody was impressed.
 Stones melted; trees blazed; tubes crumbled and
 Grew hairy-
 (ALLOW ME TO INTERJECT: ROOFING!)
 A DRY, UGLIER LOKI THAN BEFORE
 A LOKI WITH NO (100) NECK(S).

- GLOSSARY -

Aardvark: a large pustule given to explode
 on contact with bad poetry; a vicious poetaster
 a malicious pie-taster, finger in every pie,
 pie in the sky. The clouds b ASTARDIST the sun
 with their ridiculous water retention
 overflowing a geriatric berm.
 Bastard: (adj) A person withering in soup minus
 the soup-coolant personal required for survival.
 THROW THE BRAT TO THE TWAT
 dreadfully easy when you consider the collective
 knit measurements of healthy doppelgangers.
 If ever a winged rope-wrangle could open.
 Crust: (n) little other bits that cloud the
 sclerosed imaginations of tutors, or crumbs.

CHAPTER 11 We Think

- o Chattel of Gargantua
- o Loaf of several Lepers
- s Lumberjack moistures heroic
- o teddy dark Loki dream guards

that prop rotting fingers on the tax collector's
 GUTTED MIND.
 A PILCHARD REQUESTS HER OWN SUBEXT.
 SHE IS PUT ON A WAITING LIST.
 "HOLY SHIT IT'S A PREHISTORIC BOWTIE!"
 shouted the first attendant.
 "Incorrect!" retorted the second Attendant.
 An Old woman then strangled him with her
 lower intestines; the ones that David Blank
 sells out of his gaping
 LEG WOUND (BOTH BUSTY AND DISTAINFUL).
 A DOZEN STUTTERING SACKS REACH OUT
 TO CLASP THE RINGING TELEPHONE
 to his chest like a young child
 with a throat of tissue and a scalp of interference-butter
 with a throne of raucous filament (what the devil)? B-U-
 T-T-E-R
 wrapped around the knife of senility.
 "What's that you say Existence?" – Existence mumbles
 something
 "No! You can't sleep with my four year old boy!"

CHAPTER 12

O Bear-Trap of Neckties, o Slander of Clumps:
 VIMVOMVIMVOMVIMVOMVIMVOMVIMVOMVIMVOMVIMVOMVIMVOMVI
 MVOMVIM
 said the sheep-
 All of this came as no surprise to the 3rd Attendant,
 who, having slit his Achilles' Heels the night before,
 found the leper lovers less agreeable by the minute.
 (Allow me to interject: BLEEEEEEEEDING CHRIST!)
 I have just remembered they forgot to check in
 and your cheek looks like a 10 lira note
 to self:

set paratextual depth –charges for 93 fathoms.
 Also, get some razors for the roast tomorrow
 will require them tomorrow at the roast for which
 tomorrow we shall need razors (for the roast
 tomorrow) for the roast will require

3 liters of BS. 6 ounces MS. 2 tblspoons S-S-S-S
S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S (give or take). 1pnd Loki's Belly
the pickled horror section is off limits to miners
but you know they've seen it all anyway
and it smells of strawberry

and is taller than preservative galoshessSSSSSSS

SSSSSSsignificant! isn't it?

"another orange taco!" screamed Loki to the magistrate
as he stroked his pasty vigorously.
"Phenomenal liposuction!" added the Second Attendant.
Presumably,
A STIRRUP APPROACHES.
SILENCE...

(A BAG)

such cornflour, such enigmatic discs
and no one to repair the rift between
their ravished fronds
drooped like dromedary confessions
wrestling over the soup of s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s
not nearly as lackadaisical as a loaf of feathers
LOKI'S ENTRANCE WAS BLOCKED BY A BALD
MASS.
THE MASS HAD A CHARMING MANNER.
IT WAS CALLED BRIAN.
Its sultry curves and massive neck
Bulged glibly to the east.
The eighth assistant nudged it with a prong

CHAPTER 16 AGAIN

o checklist of Complicities, o Robocop of Butter
I have fOrgotten to s-s(l)icken the chasuble
I HAVE FORGOTTEN TO BUY A CHAIR.
"SLASHY SLASHY!" BELLOWS THE MASS.
"S-S-S-SLASHY SLAS-S-S-SSSSH!"
teased a fish.
"Sing snorkels to your salt, grandmother-
I haven't got a pen."
(Allow me to interject: "Anti-Anti-Anti-Anti-Anti-Anti-Anti!")

Blinkered halo wrinkled the day-glow
manufactory of the inside of my thumbnail
is none of your business.
You horrid little creature.
How dare you.

CHAPTER 17

O Bleary-eyed Formica, o Lip-Balm of Chaldea,
I regret to inform you that I have lost the
will to care.”

And many arms and feet were lost as well
before Loki’s lunch was finished –
the table overturned (thumbtacks & soup everywhere)
and all of the cutlery dancing the foxtrot –
I tell you, it was a FUCKING MESS.
I scraped it off my shoe with Karen’s trowel
and it galloped down the pavement
in the direction of the ploughman’s leg.

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The mounting sense of rubber:
a disappointing several.

- CHAPTER 34 – (A PREVIEW)

O TUBE OF RATS!
O MISANTHROPIC GEADLAMP POINTER!
O Surcharge of Congestion!
S-robotic purity or flapjack-monOcle-S
nevermind I forgot
(Although the inspector wouldn’t believe me.)

Loki seemed to follow
The shining trail of screws
stretching out behind her like an aluminum shadow
least regional unless allowable lecture
podium licorice dancing on Loki's bovine reflection
A BALLOT BOX BRISKET MADE HER EXCUSES.
LOKI LAUGHED.
AND LAGHED AND LAUGHED AND LAUGHED,
and laughed and laughed
as he came to realize at last
how brown it was
Brown and Bonni.
Ho and Nonny.
Bob and Ronnie.
ROLO AND BONNIE.
(LET ME INTERJECT: CRIMPING!)
SALACIOUS BITS OF CRACKLING ABOUND
(Allow me to interject: Portmanteau!)
Crispy velvet shrank the cardboard spouse.
In the year of the longest beak.

CHAPTER 19 Roughly

o MeerschauM of Lug-nuts, o Gear-grip of Plugs,
S-nuehT crawl soup-like in leprous or Loki S
NOW COMES THE QUESTION-
WHENCE DID THESE FLINTS AND BONES COME?

WHENCE DID THESE FLINTS AND BONES?
For they certainly did.
Why are we Sponging?
For we certainly are.

CHAPTER 20 maybe

O wrist of Pash, O crash of Impression
Naturalist lassitude mid-cheap BAR BAR BAR
CHORUS
I SHALL NOT CLEAR IT UP
(x47).

Papal biscuits, crumbling 'fore the devil's tiny breads,
 Iced so obscenely, fol-de-rol,
 In delicious colon pink.
 The omnibus edition of
 oh no Mr. Toothbrush ate my hat!
 buried me in sandworms.
 from Norway or so
 greased back in a lecture of nachos
 scat-lapdog
 "I LOATHE ALL EYEBROWS" QUOTHE LOKI'S SALK.
 THERE WAS A USEFUL DEMONSTRATION.
 FOLLOWED BY SOME FLUFF.
 "There are mallets, surely enough for all!"
 Exclaimed the gang with glee.
 Such lies, such heinous lies.
 such generous weasels of sluuurp sludge
 l-ipping starlets such a mandate
 loosing streams of sticky shit-skids off its spleen
 olympic-size batter pan weather-vane
 vein

in vain in vain receiving categorical instructions

1. STRAIN YOUR GLOVES INTO A
FRAMEWORK (PEAS)
2. STOP THAT AT ONCE.
3. CLEAN YOUR SLUICES THOROUGHLY.
4. Catalogue the resulting fluids.
5. Assume an attitude of graceful nuts.
6. Rumble threateningly.
7. Jump 67 feet diagonally into the air
8. wave your nose floppily in the air
9. wriggle
10. UN-WRIGGLE
11. EXPALIN TWICE.
12. ORDER A PIZZA.
13. Direct the rocket into the sun.
14. Fire the rocket into the sun.
15. Belat.
16. Eat
17. Sheet
18. Peat
19. OH NO!

20. ANSER THAT PHONE.
21. DISCUSSING A NUDE FILAMENT,

RECLINE.

22. Allow me to interject.

23. Recant all fondant centres.

24. Encase in linen any remaining teeth.

25. Rinse

26. Repeat

27. Loki looks like a hairdryer.

“Let me Roll the Dice!” Screams Pan from across the exclamation point.

Or until fold platypus double yet laundry,

Goes to the last atom – MY FOG HURTS.

CHAPTER 67

(All intervening chapters have been censored)
a brildnip of my enema, o FOGhorn of my atom!

The ANTS ARE COMING,

With blasphemous exclamations of truth.

“Blit blat!” Is their battle cry!

The pools and barcodes quake at its report.

(Allow me to interject – MONEY SHOT! –)

Torpedoes at dawn, Doritos to the Restroom!

Loki lowers the periscope.

He has forgotten where Gracklefaffin is wont to lurk.

“Hyi – ooOOOOOoo,” shouts the Second Attendant
with Furvish yelps

and yellow bowties of ancient lore.

She trampled her parasites and ate custard.

A lobster whispered. ‘s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s’

Whereupon the church caught fire (Well, okay,

I admit, we set it.)

O Cokerewards.com save me from Grackle Thathen!

S comma, soaking Abrams-s-s-s-s-s (tanks)

The 13th Attendant has shelled the green-dog’s glam clock.

And she was right there climbing up,

Bending their daffodil necks towards oblivion.

SQASH! Went Loki’s green billed chain.

The monkeys were heartbroken

(Allow me to interject: CHEW!)

I tripped on a dime

which tripped over Brecht

who'd tripped, years earlier, over a reason.
\$2.95 "That's gotta Sting!"
He flung a dime into the air and it turned into a
tube of cauliflower
Nonetheless,
Nutcrackers sell ten nonessential skill themes
to your Mother (who authored Chapter Brown).
Scathers-s-s-s-s-s-s-slamings
(Allow me to interject: Flamingo)
sgnimmals-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-srehtacS

Chapter 74 Brown

[[Not Authored by Attendant 13's Mother]]
A Couch! A Tart! A Shoot! A Trap! A Partition!
No, no, no, no, no – it seems your shorts have escaped.
I believe that I am a unicorn.
Also a toaster oven. And a conch-shell.
And a lotus-flower.
Who the Fuck is to sway

whether or not today not our weather.
This poem is worth one Balloon ride.

CHAPTER 1,482

o captions of scotch-tape, o livers of rocks!
I have misplaced my nose.
"Find It!" "Find It!" "Find the catfree Zone!"
Scrunge – (n.) one of many floating chimera
or the last thing I saw crawling over your lip.
Loki said the same thing on Saturday
but soon it was a steam-engine
or so I heard (outside schwarzenstrasse)
and refused to admit that I didn't understand.
Pity the chilled meat before the horse god itna nuehTs it.
O shake the intestines so sequential
that teleology leaks from their pores
Saturn is made of a ruler

and chipmunk laceration Neptune irregular BEEP
going yonkers sat tangerine gorge.” Said Attendant-7.
But this is all up to the matches from Gondola-8.
I heard they burnt a vowel outside Montana after the fall of-9
(Allow me to interject: BUNGal.)
This vowel wore a monocle and tasted of sardines
I don’t know why he swallowed the fly –
zipper – riptide – beard sack – pipe duct – repair.
Did it hurt?

While slung over the cork finger
With a thumb-tack
jambled in the kangaroo’s arsehole
(blitblatblitblatHORSERADISHvimvomvimvom
YUM!!
We are milk bladders!
Flying dogs of thunder!

Clap loudly while fucking,
Clamour and danger
weeping widows jerk off endlessly.
Gruesome chalk no Klat: the moss surge bone saw
sit drool drudge stirring glue of BlackWater
or sewing lords onto sperms that lustily slag heap
list reap wriggle in the last chains-s-s-s-s-s
It is winter.
My camel is missing.
Lost to the four winds of chance,
but impeded by the wills of others.
she went her climate-controlled memories.
She was draped in bulky moisture
Burdened by relief of pressure
What joy could be found under a blanket of water.
This question...They’re going fast.
Blue jumpers.

Lovingly lost his **marmoset**
The zookeeper called Loki, who hung up.

Chapter 14,084

O kneecap of chrysanthemums, O florid amanuensis
O boils on chilled progress, O gravy in Lego
S-shower teeth says teathers shack suspissions-S
“r-r-r-r-ing - kle”
“Hello?”
“This is Mr. Ed.”
“Splendid! What did you find?”
Infinity!
Equal fastness!
Oranges in Space.
Are defined
sometimes.
compared to apples.
Compared to oranges, however, it looks like a
Mouse. (mouse, house, louse, grouse) Anyway,
the second attendant was addicted to flowerpots.
the Professor puked into my sentence soup
while the 1st and 2nd Attendant ate the glossary:
voraciously,
saying, “Digital Bingo is a chump steak on thread!”
Oriental triangles.
Beef fingers flaying
cosmopolitans perusing dogmas.

Chapter ‘I Think So’

o lubricant of manifolds, o jack-knife of precision!
There is an alleycat in my larynx!
OH! THOSE LINES SUCK! YOU DIDN'T READ IT!
SO THAT WAY WE DON'T
YEAH YEAH YEAH!
Which one of
These kids
Couldn't resist
The other
(so fucking passé!)
was on my fucking going on to
your under gambit
eyes examination state dormant



avant garde miso soup
Not yet. Out shopping. Have a nice Shit. Be ready to kill
bitches.
You me and uncle jack!

CHAPTER 94

o blacklist of preeminence, o dalliance of cancer!
hiccup corrugation chap-book bugaboo VIMVOMVIM
porcupine
Don't stop
scrotal stretching
Lovingly attended by Loki
Feather covered genitalia.
eloping lobsters...

Chapt. π x 8,462,002

O bricks of affidavits, o squidjuice of Loki,
I am sitting with the 1st Attendant beside the 2nd pond.
Please don't get the wrong idea
the Kleet was firmly attached all the while...
88 wounded pigeons surrendered to their diphthongs
they were held hostage by 76 Warren Fry Dying
Dolphine
Iran continued to finger its ass &
Artforum dolby digital airconditioning discourse
Conditioning human atmosphere public park
Your Rerecognition
Potato on a stick if I forgot
to lock the door after swallowing the mayflies
then I will decapitate the mastodons
and nail them to a caterpillar.
O! cunts of itinerant SmartWater O!
rata pal tam rata pal tam rata pal tarm!
- hail the yoke by god! Hail the bunyaned hero!
The Aardwolf has arrived!
Praise Loki!
I am made of Peanut Butter

Licking a more dominant wolf's muzzle,
a subordinate wolf sends the message:

“You're the boss”

A dog often behaves this way with other dogs
S – God going monkey yeti elastic clue yuk – S
or others oblong gonad and arctic angle blade
rests head or give his vine garland happy pancake
Alchemists other such beakers
Finements arsenic us men
That could sooty the Alexandrians
Furthermore
Blowtorch appreciation walrus Loki

Upchuck goat breath also

Olchar E. Lindsann
Warren Fry
David Beris Edwards
Eleanor Francis Waterfowl
Amy Oliver
Rhiannon Chaloner
Bradley Chriss
Megan Blafas
Tomislav Butković

composed between March & December, A.Da. 91
in London & Totnes, England; Cardiff, Wales; & New
Brunswick, NJ

A.Da. 91 / Feb. A.Da. 94
<http://monoclelash.wordpress.com>

